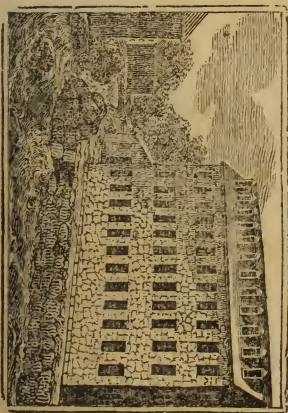


THE SEASONS.



NORTHAMPTON.

A. R. MERRIFIELD.

The Seasons.



NORTHAMPTON—1842.

A. R. MERRIFIELD.

THE SEASONS.

EMMA.

“How pleasantly,” said Emma,
“The birds begin to sing !
Oh ! best of all the seasons,
I’m sure I love the Spring.

The air is soft and pleasant,
And one may now go out,
And in the new made gardens,
Play merrily about.

Oh ! now for pleasant rambles !
The morning walk or ride,
To see the cattle grazing,
And pretty lambs, beside.

The robins and the linnets
Are hopping on each bough,
And soon they will be singing
In all our gardens now !



Oh ! will it not be charming
 Once more to hear them sing ?
 Surely of all the seasons
 The pleasantest is Spring."

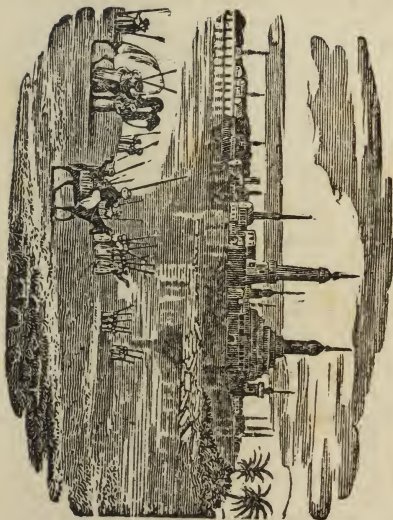
EDWARD.

" Sister, there is no season
 Like *Summer* time to me :
 Oh ! were it always Summer,
 How happy I should be !

I love among the meadows
 To see the flocks and herds ;
 And in the woods and gardens
 To hear the song of birds.

I love to tend the flowers ;
 When gardens are in bloom :
 I love to see their colors,
 And smell their sweet perfume.

'Tis pleasant round the country
 To ramble far and wide,
 With little brother Francis
 Or Richard at my side.



We then play through the meadows,
 Or bathe us in the sea :
 Oh ! were it always Summer,
 How happy I should be !”

FRANCIS.

“ I like the *Autumn* better,
 A great deal better, Ned ;
 I wish 'twas *always* Autumn, '
 The little Francis said.

Then all our Farmers gather
 Their barley. wheat, and maize ;
 Then is the time for harvest :—
 Oh ! they are happy days !

RICHARD.

“ Nay brothers, *merry Winter*,”
 Said Dick, “ my choice shall be ;
 Though lengthy be its evenings,
 They never weary me.

I love old blustering Winter,
 Though loud its winds may blow ;
 I love to chat around the fire,
 Or frolic in the snow.



Upon the ice, for pastime,
 Early we slide and late,
 For when the ponds are frozen,
 How merrily we skate !

And then comes happy Christmas ;
 I wish the day was nigh,—
 When almost all may have a feast,
 And every one a pie !

Oh, give me merry Winter,
 Though snow and hail come thick,
 For winter, boys, say what you will,
 Is good enough for Dick !”

Their Mother, who had listened
 To hear them chat awhile,
 As soon as Richard ended,
 Addressed them with a smile.

“ All seasons have their pleasures,
 Winter, like all the rest ;
 And he, who is contented,
 ‘ At all times,’ will be bless’d.

Yet, while you share the mercies
 Each changing season brings,
 Forget not Him who gives them,
 Our God,—The King of kings !”



